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The next and last act gives us the Black Lion Hotel, York, and Sir Ralph all alive, and waiting for the conviction of Gerald, who is being tried. At this moment Toby turns up, much to Sir Ralph's annoyance, who is willing to let him go that he may carry out his scheme of vengeance against Gerald. This is frustrated by the entrance of Maud, who has been wandering in mind, but has recovered. She instantly recognizes Toby as the real assassin, from the circumstance of his crossing the room crying "The Knife! the Knife!" as she was taking one of her usual midnight promenades on the night of the attempted murder. She rushes at and seizes him crying for help; Sir Ralph, who has gone out for a moment, comes back. There is a grand struggle, in which he attempts to rescue Toby from her hands and enable him to get away. Maud sees it all, the ruin of Gerald, and denounces Sir Ralph. Then comes the grand tableau—Maud—"I am innocent, and have always upheld my honor as a wife." Gerald is released, and the old baronet, to make things all right, is suddenly taken with a spasm, and dies at five minutes' notice, upon which auspicious event the curtain goes down, leaving outsiders to imagine that the old lovers marry, live in peace, and die in a pot of grease, as the old legends have it.

Through the whole of Maud's Peril the action is rapid, save in the second act, which drags somewhat heavily. Mr. Phillips intends to keep his interpreters stirring, and he generally succeeds in doing so. The story of the play is interesting, and held its audience—which was as full and fashionable as we have ever seen in this house—to the last moment. To speak of the appointments of the stage at Wallack's is a work of supererogation, but we must declare that no house in the country can equal it.

Miss Rose Eytinge, to whom the audience were looking with anxiety on this occasion for an exemplification of her powers in a new role in a new place, did not altogether come up to our expectation. There was an absent-mindedness about her, a coldness that argued want of confidence in herself, and by this she failed to reach her audience as the character of Maud Chaloner should reach them. Miss Eytinge presents a fine appearance on the stage, but she lacks that fire that would give her a high position in her art if she would cultivate it. Repose is a good thing in genteel comedy, but in the sensation drama it is hardly wanted. We would suggest another trifle to Miss Eytinge, which is that ladies are hardly supposed to retire to rest in full dress, even though it be white muslin, or sleep in a fashionable bonnet, or something strongly resembling one. Her appearance in the sleep-walking scene so attired was rather *outré* to say the least of it,

even though, as a lady at our elbow observed, "Wallack's audience demand it."

Mr. J. W. Wallack as Taperloy made a very decided success. Mr. W. is a fine actor and could scarcely touch anything that he would injure, but in this he has struck his vein as completely as though the dramatist had fitted it to him. In the scene between himself and where Sir Ralph detects him under his alias, he was more than good, and the little touch where he throws off the old man, who has clutched him by the throat, stamped him as an artist, and met the hearty appreciation of the audience.

Stoddart did Sir Ralph as he always does everything, carefully, while all the other characters, though not deserving of especial mention, were well done. The play itself presents no marked features to enable any one to create a character from it, though each may be deserving in their line.

Maud's Peril will have a run, deservedly, and add another to the line of sensational drama engrafted on the American stage.

The Olympic, with Midsummer Night's Dream, is having a wonderful success. Every night the house is crowded, and the play bids fair to go through the holidays swimmingly.

The Grand Duchess enters upon her tenth week and still remains as great an attraction as ever. It seems as though all New York had been waiting for the return of Tostee and is now making up for lost time.

Next week the Devil's Auction with all its attractions moves to the Academy of Music. With the fine accommodations in this house it will be a great success, but the idea occurs to our mind what a great sensation might have been made if Max Maretzek had, but joined hands with this elegant ballet troupe, and given the public that and opera together.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We have received from Ticknor & Fields the November volume of the Diamond Edition of Charles Dickens' works. It contains the five Christmas Books: "A Christmas Carol," "The Chimes," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "The Battle of Life," and "The Haunted Man." It also contains the celebrated sketches by Boz, of which there are seven chapters, twenty-five scenes, and twelve characters, besides twelve of his earlier tales.

This is one of the most interesting volumes of the whole series, for he has never surpassed his Christmas books, either in pathos, humor, broad humanity or moral force. The volume has a farther interest, for in the Sketches we can trace the dawning of that genius which was destined to lay contribution on the gratitude of generations yet

unborn. The volume is cleverly illustrated by Mr. S. Eytinge, Jun.

We understand that the arrival of Mr. Charles Dickens has given an extraordinary impulse to the sale of his works. The demand is so extensive and so imperative that Ticknor & Fields, with all their vast resources, are hardly able to keep pace with it. Good. The more these works are circulated, the more humane and sympathetic will grow the public heart, for every line therein is designed to ameliorate some great wrong, or smooth the rugged road of those who suffer.

We have also received from Ticknor & Fields the Atlantic Monthly for December. Its contents are worthy of its reputation, and are sufficiently varied to prove of general interest. The articles are as follows: The Guardian Angel, XII; A Mysterious Personage; A Tour in the Dark; An Autumn Song; By-ways of Europe; A Visit to the Balearic Islands; Minor Elizabethan Dramatists; Our Pacific Railroads; Grandmother's Story—The Great Snow; Tojourns Amour; Among the Workers in Silver; What we Feel; Sonnet; Literature as an Art; A Young Desperado; Reviews and Literary Notices.

From the same house we have also received the December number of that most popular and amusing magazine for youth, "Our Young Folks." The literary contents are as varied as usual, comprising the following articles: "Cast Away in the Cold"—The Pacha's Son; Miss Emily Proudie Makes a Discovery; Round the World Joe, VIII; More About Swimming and Salt Water; Good Old Times, XII; In Tonies' Swing; About Some Picture Books; Prudy and the Pedler; Over the Wall; Pictures in the Fire—Music by J. R. Thomas; Round the Evening Fire, and Our Letter Box. The illustrations this week are unusually numerous, and are of their usual excellence, both in the drawing and the engraving. Altogether it is a brilliant Christmas number, and of most special interest to our young folks.

The Old Guard Magazine for December, published by Van Evrie and Horton, is as interesting in its contents as usual. The articles generally possess much literary merit. Its proclivities are with the South, but there is much in its contents to interest those who entertain different opinions. The history of the battles of the rebellion are written with graphic power and with fairness; the critical judgments being sometimes terribly impartial.

We have received from S. R. Wells his Monthly Phrenological Journal for December, also the Illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy for 1867. These are the ablest works published on the subjects, and their extensive circulation bears evidence to the increasing interest of the public in these sciences.